If I could see the puppits dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coſt you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing,
Conſiderate ſeaſon, els no creature ſeeing,
Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* ban thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholeſome life vſurps immediately.

Ham. A poiſons him i'th Garden for his eſtate, his names *Gonzago*, the ſtory is extant and written in very choice *Italian*, you ſhall ſee anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the Play.

King. giue me ſome light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt, all but Ham. and Horacio.*

Ham. Why let the ſtroken Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauled play,
For ſome muſt watch whilſt ſome muſt ſleepe,
Thus runs the world away. Would not this ſir & a forreſt of feathers, if the reſt of my fortuns turne Turk with me, with prouincial Roſes, on my raz'd ſhooes, get me a fellowſhip in a city of Player?

Hora. Halfe a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou doſt know oh *Damon* deere:
This Realme dimantled was
Of *Ioue* himſelfe, and now raignes here
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghoſts word for a thouſand pound. Didſt perceaue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ha. Vpon the talke of the poiſoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham.

Ham. Ah ha, come ſome
For if the King like not th
Why then belike he likes
Come, ſome muſique.

Enter Roſencraus,

Gu. Good my Lord, vou

Ham. Sir a whole hiſto

Guyl. The King ſir.

Ham. I ſir, what of him

Guyl. Is in his retiremen

Ham. With drinke ſir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with

Ham. Your wiſedome ſ
nifie this to the Doctor, fo
would perhaps plunge him

Guyl. Good my Lord pu
And ſtare not ſo wildly fro

Ham. I am rame ſir, pron

Guyl. The Queene your
rit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guy. Nay good my Lord
if it ſhall pleaſe you to mak
your mothers commandem
turne, ſhall be the end of bu

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Roſ. What my Lord.

Ha. Make you a wholſom
anſwer as I can make, you ſh
mother, therefore no more,

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſaies,
amazement and admiration

Ham. O wonderfull ſonne
there no ſequell at the heele

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak wit

Ham. We ſhall obey, were
any further trade with vs?

Roſ. My Lord you once d

Ham. And doe ſtill by the